

## Home Circle.

### WHERE'S MOTHER.

Bursting in from school or play  
This is what children say :  
Troping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall—  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain  
This same question comes again ;  
From the boy with sparkling eyes  
Bearing home his earliest prize ;  
From the bronzed and bearded son,  
Perils past and honors won :  
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace ;  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say  
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands  
At the post of duty stands,  
Patient, seeking not her own,  
Anxious for the good alone  
Of the children as they cry,  
Ever as the days go by  
"Where's Mother?"

—Selected.

### MILLIE AND THE CARPET RAGS.

Millie was a bright little girl of ten years who lived in the city. One summer she went to visit her grandma, who lived in the country in a great stone house. Grandma was very good and very wise. I believe most grandmas are. One day grandma said :

"Daughter, would thee like to sew some carpet rags?"

"O, yes, grandma!"

So grandma had a large bag brought down from the attic, and when she opened it Millie saw it contained a lot of queer looking balls, and among them some long, thin strips of rags of many colors. Grandma soon taught her how to sew them together, and Millie was delighted. But after awhile Millie grew tired of her task, and, like some children of a larger growth, began to find fault with it.

"I don't see whatever use these rags can be," she said; "they're ugly, disagreeable things, and I don't want to sew any more!"

Grandma was grieved that Millie should talk so, but only said :

"Thee need not sew any more, my child!"

Then Millie was glad, sprang up, shook out her gown, and went and looked in the mirror. As grandma saw her doing so she said :

"Would Millie like to grow beautiful?"

"Yes, grandma," said Millie, for she was vain.

And grandma said :

"We will go to the weaver's to-morrow, dear. He may tell us how to grow beautiful."

On the morrow Millie stood beside grandma at the weaver's, and watched with wondering eyes the swift shuttle fly back and forth like a hunted hare over the bright new carpet on the loom, and she looked into the face of the weaver, and her heart told her it was a good face, for her heart was tender, though vain. And Millie went close to him, and said, "Isn't it beautiful?" meaning the carpet on the loom. And the weaver said :

"Is it, little one? I like to hear you say so. I cannot see it; I am blind."

"Blind!" echoed Millie, and the big eyes grew bigger as she peered into his face. "Why, your eyes are wide open just like mine!"

"Yes, my child," said the poor man, "but they are sightless. I cannot see either the beautiful carpet or your beautiful face."

Then Millie's vain heart grew tenderer, and she said :

"I am very sorry for you. But how can you make the pretty carpet when you cannot see?"

And the blind man answered :

God put it into the hearts of some good people to send me to the great city, where in a large place they teach blind folk to work, and they taught me how to weave."

"How kind of them!" said Millie, in her quaint, motherly way.

"Very kind. God has been very good to me; I can never repay them," said the weaver.

"I am very sorry you cannot see the pretty carpet," Millie said with her bright eyes on the loom again. "What makes it so pretty?"

"The rags your grandmother brought, my child; they make the carpet. See," said the blind man as he paused in his work; "see in my little shuttle the rags; I am weaving them into the carpet you say is so beautiful."

Then Millie's eyes grew big again as she looked at the rags in the shuttle and then at the carpet on the loom, and Millie remembered something and looked up quickly at grandma, and grandma remembered too, and looked down at Millie gravely sweet, and then Millie's eyes fell.

While they were driving home from the weaver's grandma said :

"Daughter, it grieved me to hear thee speak ill of thy task of yesterday. How sweet was the temper of the blind weaver, yet he cannot see anything in this great world!"

"But, grandma," Millie hastened to say, "I didn't know the rags would make such a nice carpet."

"Thee did not need to know. Our friend, the weaver, does not surely know, yet he does his work without murmuring. Thee needed only to know, Millie, that grandma would not set thee a wrong task. I would have thee learn this lesson, my child. If thy task is right, whatsoever it be, call it not common or unclean. Thee would like to grow beautiful? The ugly, disagreeable things, patiently and sweetly done, make the life beautiful, like the carpet on the loom, my dear."—Selected.

### BABY'S FIRST STEPS.

Baby stood by a chair upon which were heaped her small treasures, an attenuated rag doll, a rattle, some bright blocks, and a train of cars that would not "go."

Mamma, who thought it time the little feet should begin to bear the restless body about, was pleading with her to come across the narrow space between them.

The little brain seemed to calculate carefully the distance and the probable danger; at last she shook her head in a decided manner, turned her back upon her mother, and resumed her play with her toys, deaf to all further pleading. Holding fast to her support with one hand, she moved cautiously about the chair intent upon the disposal of each one.

By and by mamma leaned forward, lifted up the most cherished of these, and placed it near her chair across the bit of space. Baby frowned, shook her head disapprovingly, and hugged those remaining more closely. Another was lifted across, then another, until the little one stood, with tearful, wondering eyes beside an empty chair.

Presently, with eyes fixed on her treasures, she stretched out her hands, took two uncertain, wavering steps, and was in her mother's arms. How like the heavenly Father's leading! Intent upon our own affairs, we refuse to listen to him until he gathers up and sets down upon the "other side" our treasures of love. Bereft, desolate, we hasten with outstretched hands to the everlasting arms.—*New York Observer.*

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—*V. Hugo.*

God has varied the inclination of men according to the variety of actions to be performed.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*